

Detective COMICS

NOV. NO. 189

Featuring
BATMAN
and **ROBIN**

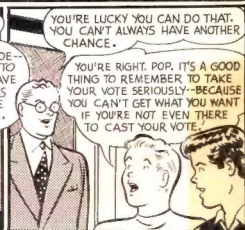
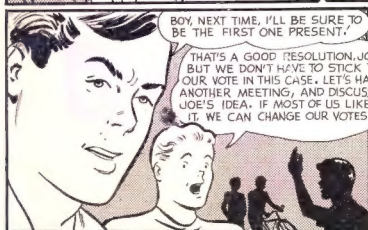
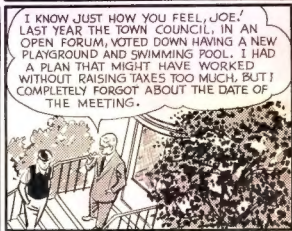
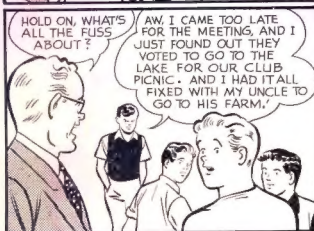
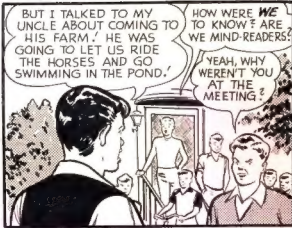
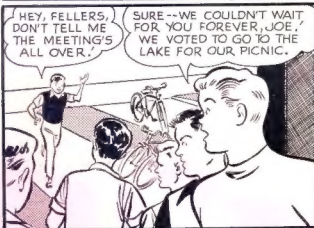
in
"Undersea Hideout!"

SO YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR OUR SECRET *AQUA-LAIR*,
EH, *BATMAN*? OKAY, I'LL
TAKE YOU DOWN THERE
NOW! HA, HA, HA!



Bully *says*

"YOU GET WHAT YOU VOTE FOR!"



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

FROM THE NATION'S UNDER-
WORLDS THEY COME, DRAWN
BY THEIR ONE COMMON NEED--
A PLACE TO HIDE! DESPERATE-
LY THEY RUSH TO REACH THEIR
GOAL... WILLINGLY THEY PAY
A FABULOUS FEE TO PASS ITS
PORTALS! FOR ONCE INSIDE
THIS FANTASTIC HIDEAWAY,
THEY CANNOT BE REACHED BY
LAWMEN! NO, NOT EVEN BY
BATMAN AND ROBIN!
WHAT IS THE FABULOUS
SECRET OF THIS INVULNER-
ABLE CRIMINAL FORTRESS?
YOU'LL BE STUNNED WHEN
YOU LEARN THE SHOCKING
ANSWER, AS BATMAN
TRIES TO CRASH...

THE UNDERSEA HIDEOUT!

MR. STYX! PLEASE!
I'LL PAY ANY PRICE!
YOU MUST TAKE ME TO
THE ONE PLACE
WHERE THE LAW
CAN'T REACH
ME!

SORRY, GORMAN--
BUT THIS TRIP, I'M
RESERVING A
PLACE FOR
BATMAN!



DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 189, Nov., 1952. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reprinted at second class matter April 28, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.,

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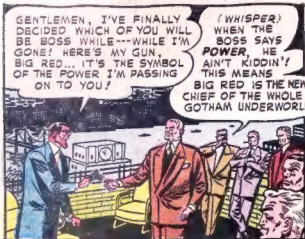
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DETECTIVE COMICS



ONE NIGHT, IN A LAVISH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT
OVERLOOKING GOTHAM CITY...



GENTLEMEN, I'VE FINALLY
DECIDED WHICH OF YOU WILL
BE BOSS WHILE---WHILE I'M
GONE! HERE'S MY GUN,
BIG RED... IT'S THE SYMBOL
OF THE POWER I'M PASSING
ON TO YOU!

(WHISPER)
WHEN THE
BOSS SAYS
POWER, WE
AIN'T KIDDIN'!
THIS MEANS
BIG RED IS THE NEW
CHIEF OF THE WHOLE
GOTHAM UNDERWORLD!



WITH THE POLICE HOT
ON YOUR TAIL, BOSS,
YOU'RE SMART TO LAY LOW
IN THE AQUA-LAIR! IT'S
THE ONE PLACE WHERE
THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY
REACH YOU! WE'LL SURE
MISS YOU, THOUGH!

YEAH, YEAH... I
KNOW, RED!
LET'S HOPE
YOU FEEL
THE SAME
WAY WHEN I COME
BACK TO TAKE
OVER
AGAIN!



JUST THEN...

B...B...BOSS!
IT'S
MR. STYX!
HE'S HERE
FOR YOU!

SAY! I GOT AN
IDEA, BOSS! WHY
DON'T WE ALL
GO DOWN TO THE DOCK
WITH YOU? WE'LL GIVE YOU
A REAL SEND-OFF, LIKE THEM
MOVIE STARS!



JUST A MOMENT! DIDN'T YOU READ
THE INSTRUCTION SHEET I SENT YOU,
BLAKE? WHEN I CALL FOR YOU, YOU
MUST BE READY TO LEAVE---ALONE!
NOW HURRY... I HAVE OTHER
GUESTS TO MEET TONIGHT!

AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SOME MILES
AWAY, IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY...



ALL RIGHT,
YOU MEN...
THE MOVIE'S OVER!
BACK TO YOUR
CELLS FOR THE
NIGHT'S ROLL
CALL!

THE MOVIE ENDED AT
11-- AND MR. STYX IS
SCHEDULED TO PICK ME
UP AT 11:20! HMM...
THAT MEANS I'VE GOT TO
MAKE MY MOVE NOW!

SO SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, AS THE FAMED
BATMOBILE MOVES ALONG THE CITY'S DARK
STREETS...

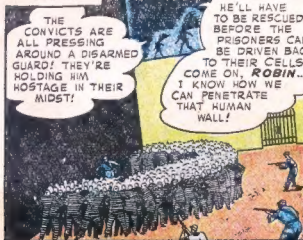


ATTENTION ALL PRECINCTS! CONVICTS
AT STATE PENITENTIARY RIOTING!
SITUATION GETTING OUT OF
CONTROL!

OH, OH... WE'D
BETTER GET OUT
THERE RIGHT AWAY.
ROBIN! SOME
CONVICTS MAY
TRY TO
ESCAPE!

CHECK,
BATMAN!

A SWIFT DASH THROUGH THE NIGHT... AND SOON...



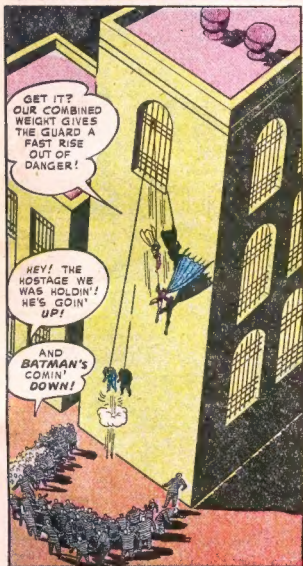
THE CONVICTS ARE ALL PRESSING AROUND A DISARMED GUARD! THEY'RE HOLDING HIM HOSTAGE IN THEIR MIDST!

HE'LL HAVE TO BE RESCUED BEFORE THE PRISONERS CAN BE DRIVEN BACK TO THEIR CELLS! COME ON, **ROBIN**... I KNOW HOW WE CAN PENETRATE THAT HUMAN WALL!

SHORTLY, ON THE ROOF OF ONE OF THE CELL BLOCKS...



HERE GOES... THE GUARDS ARE KEEPING THE CONVICTS' ATTENTION --- SO THEY WON'T SPOT US UP HERE UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE! WE'LL LOWER THE LOOP ON MY SILKEN CORD JUST A BIT MORE AND SLIP IT OVER THE HOSTAGE!



GET IT? OUR COMBINED WEIGHT GIVES THE GUARD A FAST RISE OUT OF DANGER!

HEY! THE HOSTAGE WE WAS HOLDIN'! HE'S GOIN' UP!

AND **BATMAN'S** COMIN' DOWN!

BUT MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE GRIM WALLS...



HA, HA... IT WORKED! WEEKS AGO I SPOTTED AN OLD UNDERGROUND DRAIN PIPE THAT RUNS FROM THE PRISON LAUNDRY TO THE RIVER! THE RIOT I JUST STARTED GAVE ME A CHANCE TO USE IT! NOW I'M ALL SET, **MR. STYX!**

AH--- MY SECOND GUEST, **ROCKY MILLS!** GET IN!



AS SOON AS YOUR HENCHMAN GAVE ME HALF OF THE LOOT YOU WERE ABLE TO KEEP HIDDEN FROM YOUR LAST JOB, I MADE THE ARRANGEMENTS, **ROCKY!** YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THE **AQUA-LAIR!**

HOLD IT, MR. STYX! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! I THINK... YES! I CAN SEE NOW--- IT'S THE BATMOBILE!

DON'T BE ALARMED, GENTLEMEN! WE'RE PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES --- EVEN BATMAN! OPEN THE CHLORINE VALVE, GEORGE!

AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, IN THE BATMOBILE...

LUCKY WE SPOTTED THAT BLACK LIMOUSINE FROM THE PRISON WALL! THE WAY IT RACED OFF, IT'S LIKELY A GETAWAY CAR FOR ONE OF THE CONVICTS WHO... HUH? ~~COUGH~~! ~~COUGH~~! GAS! ~~COUGH~~!

IT'S CHLORINE, ROBIN! QUICK--- PUT ON YOUR GAS MASK!

THIS, SECONDS LATER...

WHILE WE WERE PUTTING ON OUR MASKS, THE LIMOUSINE GOT AWAY, BATMAN! WE'VE LOST IT!

BUT CHLORINE IS HEAVIER THAN AIR AND CLINGS TO THE GROUND, SO THIS ULTRA-VIOLET SEARCHLIGHT WILL PICK IT UP! THERE... SEE? THEY LEFT A DISTINCTIVE TRAIL THAT WE CAN FOLLOW!

PRESENTLY...

THERE GOES THE LIMOUSINE! BUT THERE'S NO ONE IN IT EXCEPT THE DRIVER! THE OTHER PASSENGERS MUST BE MAKING A GETAWAY IN THAT SUBMARINE!

A SUBMARINE? HMM... I WONDER IF IT COULD BE!

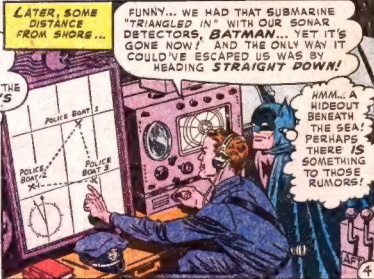
WE'VE HAD REPORTS OF FANTASTIC STORIES THAT ARE WHISPERED AROUND THE UNDERWORLD, ABOUT A CRIMINAL HIDEOUT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA --- A PLACE CALLED THE "AQUA-LAIR!" I DIDN'T TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY, BUT THIS ESCAPE BY SUB--- I WONDER...

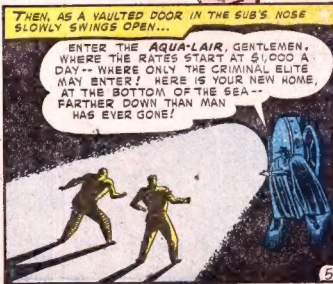
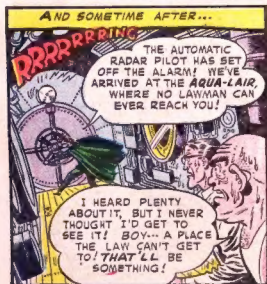
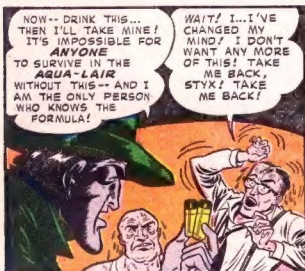
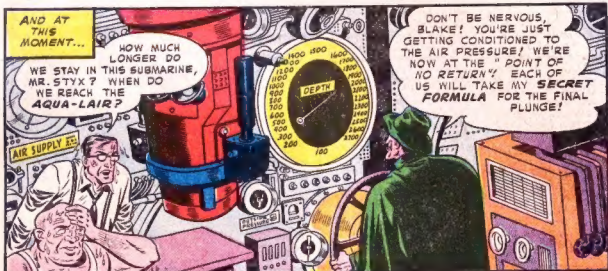
I'LL SIGNAL THE HARBOR PATROL ON THE BATMOBILE'S TWO-WAY RADIO!

LATER, SOME DISTANCE FROM SHORE...

FUNNY... WE HAD THAT SUBMARINE "TRIANGLED IN" WITH OUR SONAR DETECTORS, BATMAN... YET IT'S GONE NOW! AND THE ONLY WAY IT COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED US WAS BY HEADING STRAIGHT DOWN!

HMM... A HIDEOUT BENEATH THE SEA! PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING TO THOSE RUMORS!





MEANWHILE, AFTER BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE SWITCHED TO THEIR EVERYDAY ROLES AS WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

ROCKY MILLS, THE CONVICT WHO ESCAPED DURING THE PRISON RIOT, MUST'VE GOTTEN AWAY IN THAT SUBMARINE, BRUCE!

YES--AND QUITE A FEW OTHER GANGLAND CHARACTERS HAVE DISAPPEARED LATELY, DICK...TIM REGAN, "DIAMOND" SPENCE, HARRY BLAKE--IT'S RUMORED THAT THEY'RE ALL IN THIS AQUA-LAIR! IF WE EVER COME ACROSS THAT SUBMARINE AGAIN, I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN FOLLOW IT AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

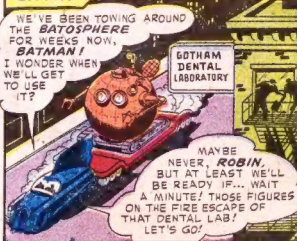


AND SOME WEEKS AFTER, IN GOTHAM CITY...

WE'VE BEEN TOWING AROUND THE **BATOSPHERE** FOR WEEKS NOW, **BATMAN**! I WONDER WHEN WE'LL GET TO USE IT?

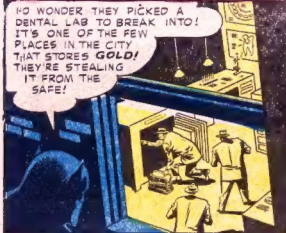
GOTHAM DENTAL LABORATORY

MAYBE NEVER, **ROBIN**, BUT AT LEAST WE'LL BE READY IF... WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE FIGURES ON THE FIRE ESCAPE OF THAT DENTAL LAB! LET'S GO!



SWIFTLY, THE POWERFUL PAIR SCALES THE FIRE ESCAPE'S NETWORK OF STEEL...

NO WONDER THEY PICKED A DENTAL LAB TO BREAK INTO! IT'S ONE OF THE FEW PLACES IN THE CITY THAT STORES **GOLD**! THEY'RE STEALING IT FROM THE **SAFE**!



ABRUPTLY...

UMPH! WHEN YOU BOYS PICKED THIS DENTAL LAB, YOU BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW!

BATMAN! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

QUICK, **ROBIN**.. THE CROOK WITH THE LOOT... HE'S ESCAPING!



IMMEDIATELY, THEY MOVE INTO ACTION WITH THEIR STRANGE NEW VESSEL...

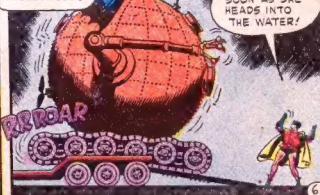
AFTER SECURING THEIR TWO CAPTIVES FOR THE POLICE, THE DUO RACES IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING CRIMINAL! AND SOON AFTER...

HIS GETAWAY CAR WAS HEADED TOWARD THE WATERFRONT AND ...THERE! THERE IT IS!

AND I SEE THE CROOK WE'RE AFTER, **BATMAN**! HE'S JUST GOING THROUGH THE HATCH OF THAT SUBMARINE!

TOO BAD THE SUBMARINE SUBMERGED BEFORE WE COULD NAB ITS OCCUPANTS, **ROBIN**! BUT THIS TIME WE'RE PREPARED TO FOLLOW IT--IN THE **BATOSPHERE**!

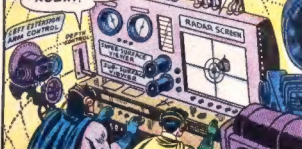
KEEP HER STEADY! I'LL JOIN YOU INSIDE AS SOON AS SHE HEADS INTO THE WATER!



MINUTES LATER, AS THE BATOSPHERE
MOVES THROUGH THE UNDERSEA GLOOM...

THE SIGNAL ON THE SONAR IS GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME! WE'RE RIGHT ON THE TRAIL OF THAT SUBMARINE, **ROBIN!**

AND LOOK, **BATMAN**.. ITS OUTLINE IS SHOWING UP ON THE RADAR SCREEN! IT'S DEAD AHEAD!



DOWN, DOWN INTO THE UNEXPLORED DEPTHS
MOVES THE AMAZING UNDERSEA CRAFT, TILL
FINALLY...

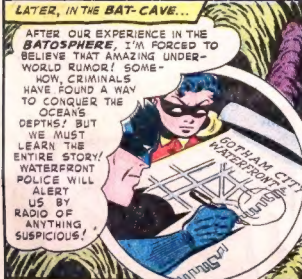
THE RADAR SCREEN
SHOWS THE SUB RIGHT
AHEAD OF US! PLEASE...
GASP...BATMAN!
DON'T... DON'T
SURFACE NOW!
WE MUST...GASP
...KEEP AFTER IT!

BUT WE'VE ALREADY
PASSED THE GREATEST
DEPTH RECORD SET
BY MAN! WE...WE
MUST SURFACE
BEFORE THE PRESSURE
KILLS US! I---I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
THAT **SUB** IS STILL
GOING DEEPER!



LATER, IN THE BAT-CAVE...

AFTER OUR EXPERIENCE IN THE
BOTOSPHERE, I'M FORCED TO
BELIEVE THAT AMAZING UNDER-
WORLD RUMOR! SOME-
HOW, CRIMINALS
HAVE FOUND A WAY
TO CONQUER THE
OCEANS
DEPTHS! BUT
WE MUST
LEARN THE
ENTIRE STORY!
WATERFRONT
POLICE WILL
ALERT
US BY
RADIO OF
ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS!



AND STILL LATER...

LUCKY THE **BATOSPHERE**
IS CONSTRUCTED SO IT
CAN GO TO ANY DEPTH
EVER REACHED BY
MAN! WE'RE NOW AT
600 FATHOMS!

I MUST INCREASE
THE INSIDE
PRESSURE AGAIN,
BATMAN!
IT HAS TO BE
EQUAL TO THE
TREMENDOUS PRESSURE
OF THE WATER AROUND
US!



IN THE MEANTIME...

I MADE MY TRIP BACK TO THE SURFACE THIS MONTH JUST TO GIVE YOU A HIDEOUT AFTER YOU ROBBED THE DENTAL LAB, PHIL! IT WILL COST YOU EXACTLY HALF OF YOUR HAIR!

TAKE IT,
MR. STYX!
FOR A PLACE
WHERE ABSOLUTELY
NO ONE CAN
FOLLOW ME.
IT'S SURE
WORTH IT!



ANXIOUS WEEKS OF WAITING FOLLOW...UNTIL
ONE NIGHT, ALONG THE WATERFRONT..

YOU ARE FORTUNATE, GENTLEMEN! I HAD SEVEN APPLICANTS FOR THIS MONTH'S VOYAGE TO THE **AQUA-LAIR!** BUT I CHOSE YOU TWO FROM ALL THE OTHERS!

QUIT
SOFT-SOAPIN'
US, MR. STYX!
THE REASON
YOU PICKED US
WAS BECAUSE
WE PAID YOU A
BIGGER FEE
THAN THE OTHERS!



BUT AS THE GROUP CLIMBS INTO THE SUB...

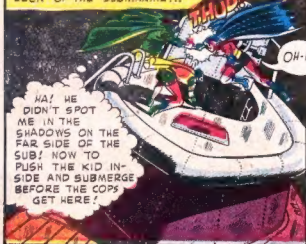


WE CAME DOWN AS SOON AS WE GOT THE POLICE CALL THAT YOU'D SPOTTED SOME SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHARACTERS ON THE DOCKS, SERGEANT! BUT NOW I DON'T SEE...

THERE'S THE SUB, ROBIN! HURRY-- FOLLOW ME!



BUT AS THE FAST-MOVING LAWMEN GAIN THE DECK OF THE SUBMARINE...



SAY, YOU... OOPS!

THAT COP ON THE DOCK WON'T DARE SHOOT WITH ROBIN SO CLOSE BY... AND I'LL DRAG BATMAN IN AFTER ME, KEEPING HIS BODY BETWEEN ME AND THE DOCK FOR PROTECTION!



SOON AFTER...

WELCOME ABOARD, BATMAN! I'M SORRY YOU AND YOUR LITTLE PAL ARE DESTINED FOR SUCH A SHORT STAY WITH US -- BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST SHOOT YOU! SUCH A PITY!

OH, MY HEAD! I FEEL AS IF...



SAY-- WE'RE REALLY GETTIN' OUR MONEY'S WORTH, MR. STYX! BATMAN, TIED HAND AND FOOT, IS A REAL BONUS!

WAIT A MINUTE-- YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA, FRISCO! MY BIGGEST PROBLEM IN THE AQUA-LAIR IS MORALE! THE GUESTS GET PRETTY BORED WAITING TILL THEY CAN RETURN TO THE SURFACE!



SUPPOSE I KEEP **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ALIVE! SEEING THE FAMED **DARING DUO** AS PRISONERS WOULD SEND MORALE SOARING! YES, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO! AND SINCE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE POLICE TO REACH THE **AQUA-LAIR**, THEY'LL NEVER BE RESCUED!



LATER

LOOK AT THAT DEPTH INDICATOR, **BATMAN**! IT SHOWS **750 FATHOMS**, AND WE'RE STILL GOING DOWN!

AND ALL THE TIME, THE AIR PRESSURE HERE HAS BEEN INCREASED AUTOMATICALLY TO EQUAL THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER OUTSIDE! WE'RE AT THE POINT WHERE A HUMAN CAN STAND NO MORE PRESSURE-- YET OUR JOURNEY WAS JUST BEGUN!



HERE'S OUR GOAL... **2,000 FATHOMS** UNDER THE SEA... MORE THAN TWICE AS DEEP AS MAN HAS EVER GONE! NO LAWMAN CAN REACH IT ALIVE... AND ONLY I HAVE THE SECRET OF SUSTAINING LIFE UNDER SUCH FANTASTIC AIR PRESSURE!

FATHOMS

0
250
500
1000
2000

AQUA-LAIR

MY SECRET FORMULA PERMITS MAN TO LIVE IN THE **AQUA-LAIR** FOR ONE MONTH! IF HE STAYS LONGER, THE DOSE IS RENEWED! BUT DURING THE MONTH IT IS IN EFFECT, HE MUST REMAIN BENEATH THE SEA-- FOR AT NORMAL PRESSURES, HIS BODY WOULD **EXPLODE**! HERE... DRINK THIS, **BATMAN**!

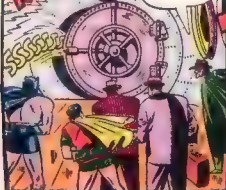


AND AS THE AMAZED LAWMEN PASS THROUGH A VAULTED DOOR IN THE SUB'S NOSE...

SOON...

RRRRRRING!

THERE GOES THE ALARM! WE'RE IN THE AIR LOCK!



WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! **FRISCO RLEY!** WELCOME TO THE **AQUA-LAIR**!

(WHISPER) THAT CROOK GREETING **FRISCO**... HE'S CHIPS HUNTER, WANTED ON A MURDER RAP FOR A YEAR! IS IT POSSIBLE HE'S BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME?



MR. STYX HERDS HIS CAPTIVES THROUGH A MAZE OF VAULTED CORRIDORS, TILL FINALLY...

GENTLEMEN... NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT THE **AQUA-LAIR** DOESN'T PROVIDE ITS GUESTS WITH TOP ENTERTAINMENT! INSTEAD OF JUST A NEW MOVIE FROM THE SURFACE THIS MONTH, I BRING YOU... **BATMAN AND ROBIN!**

BUT YOU DON'T GET TO SEE THEIR FACES YET! NO SIR... I'M MAKING THE **DARING DUO** THE QUARRY IN A FANTASTIC HUNT... AND YOU, THE NATION'S TOP CRIMINALS, ARE THE HUNTED! SINCE NO ONE BUT ME IS ALLOWED A GUN HERE, IT WILL BE FAIR SPORT... **ONLY 100-TO-1!** WA, WA, HA!

MOMENTARILY ELUDING THE CRIMINAL HORDE, THE PURSUED PAIR REACHES A SMALL ROOM, WHERE...

THIS MUST BE STYX' OFFICE! LOOK, **BATMAN**... A MASTER PLAN OF THE **AQUA-LAIR!**

THEY'LL SOON FIND US IN HERE! BUT I'M TAKING THIS PLAN ALONG... WE MAY NEED IT! IN FACT, I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN HOLD THE **SOLARIUM** FOR A SHORT TIME! LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT, **ROBIN!**

AQUA-LAIR
• FLOOR PLAN •



AND AFTER ANOTHER HASTY DASH...

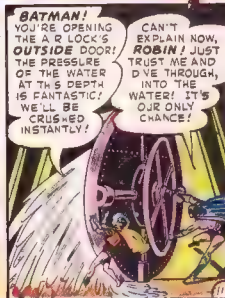
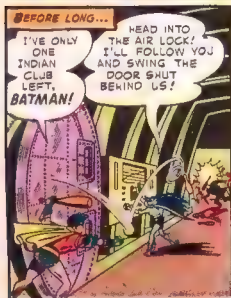
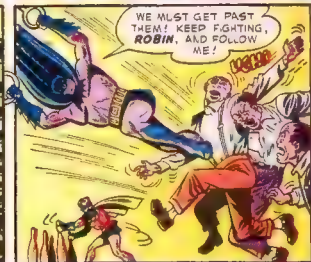
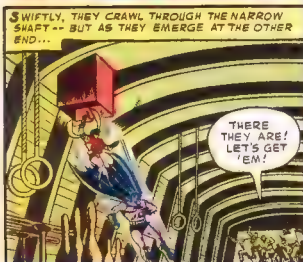
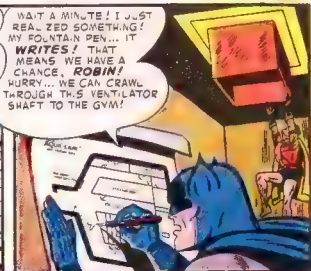
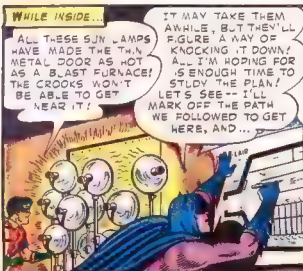
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! THEY'RE RACING DOWN THE HALL AFTER US, AND THE LOCK ON THIS THIN METAL DOOR WILL BREAK EASILY! WE'RE TRAPPED, **BATMAN!**

NOT JUST YET, **ROBIN!** QUICK-- LOCK THAT DOOR AND THEN HELP ME ROLL A BUNCH OF THESE **SUN LAMPS** OVER TO IT!

SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE THE SOLARIUM...

THERE ARE ONLY EIGHT OF US! DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER CALL THE OTHERS BEFORE WE BREAK IN ON **BATMAN AND ROBIN?**

AH, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WE CAN... **OW--MY HAND! I BURNED IT! THAT DOOR'S RED HOT!**



MOMENTS LATER...

BATMAN!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
WE'RE ALREADY ON THE SURFACE!
THE **AQUA-LAIR** WAS ONLY A FEW YARDS UNDER WATER!

THERE ARE STILL A FEW ANGLES I HAVEN'T QUITE FIGURED OUT MYSELF, **ROBIN**, BUT OUR JOB RIGHT NOW IS TO SWIM TO SHORE AND NOTIFY THE POLICE OF THE **AQUA-LAIR'S** LOCATION!

AND SO, SEVERAL HOURS AFTER...

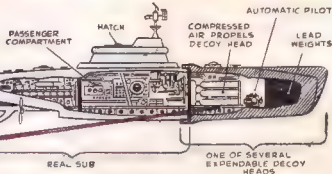
HERE CAME THE DIVERS UP WITH ANOTHER CATCH! WA, WA OUR FRIEND MR. STYX SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS GUESTS!

HARBOR POLICE

YOU FRAUD, STYX! I PAID O GRAND RENT A MONTH, 'CAUSE YOU TOLD ME WE COULDN'T BE REACHED BY ANY LAWMAN! NOW LOOK-- WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE LOBSTERS IN A POT!

LATER, IN THE BAT-CAVE...

THIS CHART THE POLICE FOUND IN THE **AQUA-LAIR** EXPLAINS HOW STYX MADE US ALL THINK THE HIDEOUT WAS AT SOME FABULOUS DEPTH, WHEN ACTUALLY IT WAS ONLY UNDER **GOthAM BAY!**



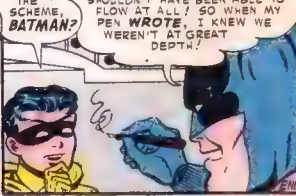
I SEE! WHEN STYX WAS BEING FOLLOWED, HE RELEASED A **FALSE HEAD**, WHICH AUTOMATICALLY TRAVELLED TO THE OCEAN BOTTOM! THAT'S WHAT WE WENT AFTER IN THE **BATOSPHERE!**

RIGHT, **ROBIN!** AND WHILE WE CHASED THE DECOY, STYX AND HIS PASSENGERS STAYED IN HERE! LATER, WHEN IT WAS SAFE, THE LITTLE SUB TRAVELED THE SHORT DISTANCE TO THE UNDERWATER HIDEOUT!

THEN ALL THE TIME THE CROOKS THOUGHT THEY WERE DESCENDING INTO THE OCEAN'S LOWER REACHES, THEY WERE REALLY SITTING IN **GOthAM BAY!** EVEN THE "SECRET FORMULA" WAS PART OF THE SHOW!

BUT HOW DID YOU CATCH ON TO THE SCHEME, **BATMAN?**

AS YOU KNOW, FOUNTAIN PENS LEAK DURING PLANE TRIPS! THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE **REDUCED AIR PRESSURE** AT GREAT ALTITUDES! THUS, AT **INCREASED PRESSURE**-- THE KIND STYX CLAIMED EXISTED IN THE **AQUA-LAIR**-- THE INK SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FLOW AT ALL! SO WHEN MY PEN **WROTE**, I KNEW WE WEREN'T AT GREAT DEPTH!



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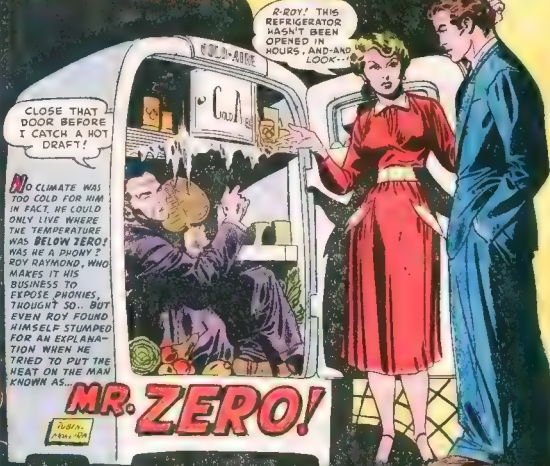


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daughter

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for time and channel

AMERICAN
BROADCASTING COMPANY

IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE



ONE HOT MID-SUMMER DAY, AS ROY RAYMOND INTERVIEWS PROSPECTS FOR HIS FAMED TELEVISION SHOW, "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!"...

BEHOLD! WITH THE SWEET POWER AND FORCE OF MY EYES, I CAN SMASH OBJECTS NEAR AND FAR!

GO AHEAD, SHAND! LET'S SEE YOU SMASH THAT VASE YOU'RE POINTING AT!

ABRUPTLY... ROY! HE DID IT!

THAT'S NOTHING. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THOSE LIGHT BULBS!

NEVER MIND THOSE LIGHT BULBS! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!



NEXT INSTANT...

WH-WHAT'S THAT OBJECT YOU TOOK FROM HIS MOUTH, ROY?

AN ULTRA-SONIC WHISTLE, KAREN! WHEN BLOWN, IT EMITS HIGH FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES, UNABLE TO BE HEARD BY THE HUMAN EAR, BUT STRONG ENOUGH TO SMASH A-- WELL, A VASE! SORRY, SHANDU... BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

JUST THEN...

MR. RAYMOND, SUPERINTENDENT RADEK OF CITY HOSPITAL JUST CALLED! HE WANTS YOU TO COME RIGHT OVER! SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN WHO CAN'T LIVE UNLESS HE'S KEPT FROZEN!

OH-H-H... WHAT NEXT? SOMETIMES I WISH I'D CHOSEN A CAREER WHERE I COULD MEET NORMAL PEOPLE! TELL DR. RADEK WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

AWHILE LATER, AT CITY HOSPITAL...

WHAT'S HE SET UP FOR-- SOUND?

IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER, ROY! IF WHAT THIS MAN AND HIS DOCTOR CLAIM IS TRUE, THE HOSPITAL'S IN REAL TROUBLE!

YOU SEE, THIS MAN WAS A VICTIM OF A RARE TROPICAL FEVER! WE COMBATED IT BY LOWERING HIS BODY TEMPERATURE WITH THESE PLATINUM COILS!

IT STOPPED THE FEVER ALL RIGHT-- BUT NOW THEY CAN'T RAISE HIS TEMPERATURE ABOVE FREEZING--AND UNLESS WE KEEP HIM... ER... REFRIGERATED, HE'LL DIE!

INCREDIBLE! SUPPOSE YOU TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE NOW, AND SEE WHAT T IS!

CERTAINLY! HERE, LET ME PLACE THIS THERMOMETER UNDER YOUR TONGUE!

SHORTLY...

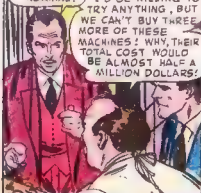
HMM... 32 DEGREES, WHICH IS THE FREEZING POINT!

NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY I ASKED YOU OVER, ROY! IS SUCH A THING POSSIBLE? AND WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA!

IF WE HAD THREE PLATINUM-COIL MACHINES LIKE THIS ONE, I'M SURE THAT BY REVERSING THE CONTROLS, AND STEPPING UP THE ENERGY FOUR TIMES, WE COULD RESTORE HIS TEMPERATURE TO NORMAL!

I'D BE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING, BUT WE CAN'T BUY THREE MORE OF THESE MACHINES! WHY, THEIR TOTAL COST WOULD BE ALMOST HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY THEM! SIMPLY BORROW TWO MORE FROM OTHER HOSPITALS! THEN YOU CAN SEND ALL THREE OVER TO MY PATIENT'S HOUSE, AND I'LL PERSONALLY CONDUCT THE EXPERIMENT!

YES-- MEAN-- WHILE... I SUPPOSE WE COULD BORROW THEM! IF YOU'D BE WILLING TO UNDERGO A FEW TESTS?



A FEW TESTS? AH, OBVIOUSLY YOU THINK HE'S FAKING! VERY WELL... I'LL CONVINCE EVEN YOU, MR. RAYMOND, THAT MY PATIENT CAN EXIST AT SUB-FREEZING TEMPERATURES! MEET ME AT THE ATLAS MEAT COMPANY AT TWO O'CLOCK! I'LL BE THERE!



SO PRESENTLY, WHILE ALMOST EVERYONE SWELTERS IN THE NOONDAY SUN...

BY GEORGE, WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO TO KEEP COOL!

WOULDN'T MIND BEING IN THAT PORTABLE ICEBOX MYSELF!



AND AT EXACTLY TWO O'CLOCK...

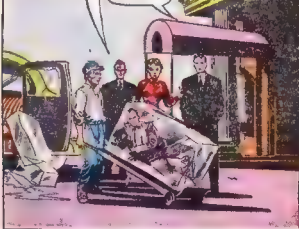
ROY! LOOK AT THE FROST ON THOSE WINDOWS!

I'M LOOKING-- BUT I'M NOT IMPRESSED, KAREN!



WELL? ARE YOU IMPRESSED NOW?

NOT ENTIRELY! THERE COULD BE A CLEAR PLASTIC BOX WITHIN THAT CAKE OF ICE!



MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE MEAT COMPANY BUILDING...

HOW COLD IS IT INSIDE THAT REFRIGERATED BOX?

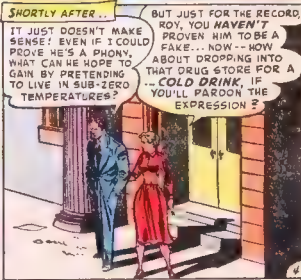
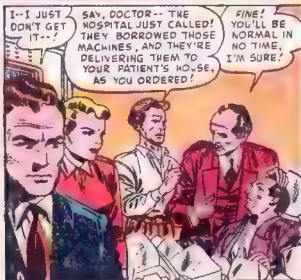
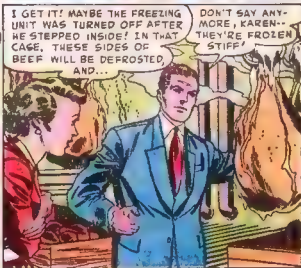
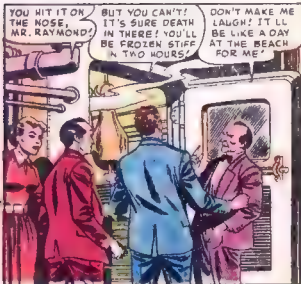
ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT'S A DEEP FREEZE!

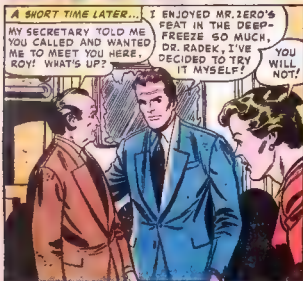
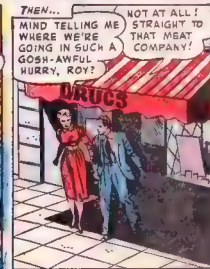
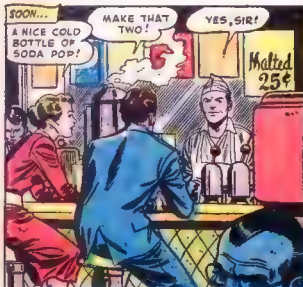
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PUT ZERO IN THERE, ARE YOU?





DETECTIVE COMICS





TWO TENSE HOURS OF WAITING FOLLOW-- AND THEN...

ROY, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! BUT-- HOW--?

EASY! ALL I DID WAS TURN ON THIS DEFROST DIAL! IT'S PUT IN HERE SO THAT ANY WORKERS TRAPPED INSIDE WON'T FREEZE TO DEATH! MR. ZERO PULLED THE SAME STUNT!

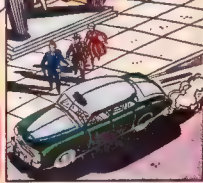


YES! LIKE OUR FROST-PROOF FRIEND, I SIMPLY SPRAYED A COATING OF CARBON DIOXIDE, VAPORIZED DRY ICE, OVER THEM--SO WHILE THE REST OF THIS LOCKER DEFROSTED, BEEF REMAINED FROZEN!



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH! LET'S GO!

WHWHE! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!" IS SUCH A SUCCESSFUL TELEVISION SHOW!



MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRIO PULLS UP IN FRONT OF A MODEST-LOOKING FRAME DWELLING...

I SURROUNDED ZERO'S HOUSE, AS YOU ASKED ME TO, ROY!

GOOD... AND I SEE THAT YOUR BOYS HAVE ALREADY NABBED THAT DEFROSTED HOOO! MY GUESS IS THAT THOSE VALISES ARE LOADED WITH VALUABLE PLATINUM COILS!



ROY-- HOW DID YOU GUESS?

WELL, I FIRST BECAME SUSPICIOUS IN THE HOSPITAL WHEN THAT PHONY DOCTOR STUCK A THERMOMETER IN MR. ZERO'S MOUTH WITHOUT SHAKING IT! NO DOCTOR WOULD NEGLECT SUCH AN INSTINCTIVE ACT--UNLESS THE THERMOMETER WAS FIXED NOT TO RISE OR FALL!



AS FOR THE SO-CALLED FROST ON THE WINDOWS OF THE CAR, YOU'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS TO A FROSTED WINDOW WHEN HOT AIR HITS IT... THE FROST STARTS MELTING! BUT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN WHEN MR. ZERO'S CAR DOOR WAS OPENED! IT COULDN'T--BECAUSE IT WAS REALLY SOAP!



ONE MORE THING, ROY... SOMETHING YOU SAW IN THAT DRUG STORE GAVE YOU THE FINAL TIP-OFF! WHAT WAS IT?

WHEN THE CLERK OPENED HIS REFRIGERATOR, IT MADE ME REMEMBER THE CLOUD OF VAPOR THAT CAME OUT WHEN THE MEAT REFRIGERATOR DOOR WAS OPENED! THAT KIND OF VAPOR CAN ONLY COME FROM ONE THING-- DRY ICE! IT WAS THEN THAT I REALIZED HOW ZERO FROZE THE BEEF WITH THE REFRIGERATION TURNED OFF!



CASEY

THE COP

LAST WEEK I CAUGHT FIVE PEOPLE PICKING THESE. THEY'RE RUINING THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

DO NOT PICK THE FLOWERS

AND...

AH - NOBODY'S LOOKING!

HELP!

HE'S PICKING ME!

YEOW!

THIS LITTLE STUNT OF MINE WILL SCARE THEM AWAY FOR GOOD!

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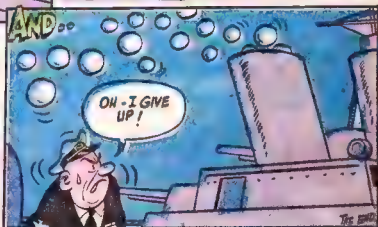
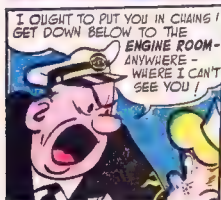
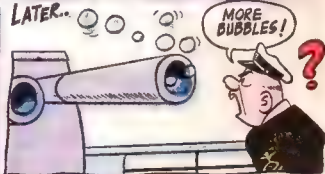
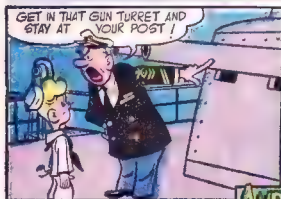
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ROBOTMAN

YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF KING MIDAS, WHO HAD THE POWER TO CHANGE ANYTHING INTO GOLD. OF COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY IN A FAIRY TALE... BUT NOW A STRANGE TWIST OF EVENTS BRINGS THAT FABLED PHENOMENON TO LIFE IN THE PERSON OF THE STEEL-FRAMED **ROBOTMAN!** AND THAT'S WHEN TROUBLE STARTS FOR THE MAN OF METAL, AS CROOKS STRIVE GREEDILY TO GET THEMSELVES A PIECE OF...

The GOLDEN ROBOT!

ME, I GET HIS CHEST! THAT'S SOLID GOLD!

I WANT HIS LEG!

LATE ONE NIGHT, AS PAUL DENNIS STROLLS DOWN A DESERTED STREET...

OH, OH... THIEVES BREAKING INTO THAT JEWELRY STORE!



INSTANTLY, PAUL DARTS INTO AN ALLEYWAY, WHERE HE SHEDS HIS PLASTIC, HUMAN DISGUISE...



...TO BECOME ROBOTMAN, THE METAL MARVEL WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN!

NEXT MOMENT...

SORRY TO BARGE IN ON YOU THIS WAY, BOYS!

LOOK! IT'S ROBOTMAN!

SO WHAT? START RUNNING--THE WAY WE HAD IT PLANNED!





DETECTIVE COMICS

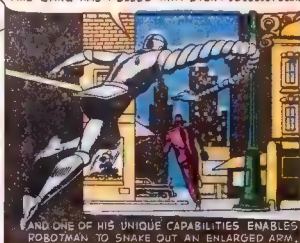


AND LIKE A TRAINED FOOTBALL TEAM, THE JEWEL THIEVES FAN OUT AND FLEE-- EACH TOWARD A DIFFERENT EXIT...

HE'LL NEVER CATCH MORE THAN ONE OF US! AFTER ALL, HE CAN ONLY RUN IN ONE DIRECTION AT A TIME!



THEY'RE RIGHT! BY THE TIME I GRAB ONE, THE OTHERS ARE GONE! IT'S THE FIFTH TIME THIS GANG HAS PULLED THAT STUNT SUCCESSFULLY.



AND ONE OF HIS UNIQUE CAPABILITIES ENABLES ROBOTMAN TO SNAKE OUT AN ENLARGED ARM.

BUT AT LEAST, I'VE GOT ONE OF YOU!

SURE, BUT THE OTHERS ARE FREE--AND THEY'VE GOT MOST OF THE LOOT!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

THAT "ONE-AT-A-TIME" GANG IS MAKING A LAUGHING STOCK OF MY DEPARTMENT, ROBOTMAN! THERE ARE ONLY FIVE OF THEM, BUT EACH TIME ONE IS CAUGHT, THEY CAN GET ANOTHER TO REPLACE HIM!

I KNOW, CHIEF, BUT I THINK I'VE GOT A WAY TO LICK THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL-- WITH THE HELP OF SOMEONE I KNOW!



NEXT DAY, AS ROBOTMAN ATTENDS A LECTURE BY PROFESSOR THORGASSEN, FAMED ATOMIC SCIENTIST...

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, MAN HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR WAYS TO CONVERT ORDINARY METALS INTO GOLD! I AM PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT I HAVE FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO DO IT!



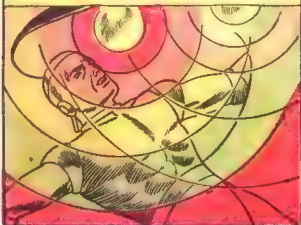
HMM... VERY INTERESTING!

BY ALTERING THE ATOMIC STRUCTURE OF LEAD, I CAN MOVE THE ATOMS IN SUCH A MANNER THAT THE LEAD TURNS TO GOLD AND--- ROBOTMAN! LOOK OUT!

HUH?



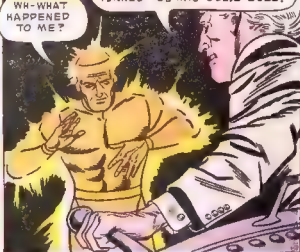
AND AS **ROBOTMAN** STUMBLES FORWARD INTO THE MACHINE, HIS ARM DEFLECTS A LEVER-- AND A MOMENT LATER, HE IS BATHED IN A **POTPOURRI** OF RIOTOUS COLORS!



SHORTLY...

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED
TO ME?

OH, THIS IS WONDERFUL! I'VE
TURNED YOU INTO **SOLID GOLD!**



WONDERFUL? IT'S A
CATASTROPHE! MY BODY
IS WEAK...GOLD IS ONE OF
THE **SOFTEST METALS!** I
CAN'T GO AFTER CROOKS
LIKE THIS!

OH, BOY!
WAIT TILL
THE PUBLIC
HEARS
ABOUT THIS!



IT ISN'T LONG
BEFORE NEWS-
PAPERS HERALD
THE MAN OF METAL'S
AMAZING TRANS-
FORMATION!



AND IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE "ONE-
AT-A-TIME" GANG...

BOYS, THIS IS THE GREATEST
NEWS WE'VE EVER HAD!
ROBOTMAN-- TURNED
TO GOLD!

WHAT
GOOD
DOES
THAT DO
US?



DON'T YOU SEE, YOU SAPS?
NOT ONLY IS HE **HELPLESS**.
BUT HE'S **VALUABLE!**
IMAGINE HOW MUCH JUST
ONE OF HIS LEGS IS
WORTH -- AS **SOLID**
GOLD!

SAY--I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT!

BOY-- IF
WE COULD
ONLY **STEAL**
HIM!



YEAH... THAT'S WHAT I MEAN...
STEAL HIM! AND I KNOW JUST THE
WAY TO DO IT! LISTEN...





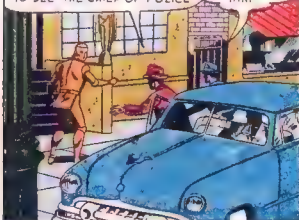
DETECTIVE COMICS



NEXT MORNING, IN THE CENTER OF TOWN...

THERE HE IS! HE GOES BY HERE EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME, TO SEE THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

NEVER MIND THAT--GRAB HIM!



FIGHTING WITH ARMS THAT BEND AND LEGS THAT BUCKLE UNDER HIS EFFORTS, ROBOTMAN IS EASILY SWEEPED OFF HIS FEET...

I CAN'T DO A THING! GOLD IS SO SOFT--MY BODY WON'T OBEY THE COMMANDS MY BRAIN GIVES IT!

I WANT THIS LEG! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

BOY, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING!



LATER, BACK IN THE HIDEOUT...

WE'RE GONNA DO THIS FAIR AND SQUARE! WE'LL DRAW LOTS TO SEE WHICH ONE OF US GETS AN ARM, HIS HEAD, AND SO ON!



THUS, SLICED, HACKED AND SAWED APART, THE GOLDEN ROBOTMAN IS SOON DIVIDED UP AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE GANG...

WE NOT ONLY SMASH HIM, BUT WE ALSO MAKE A PROFIT OUT OF IT!

THIS SURE IS OUR LUCKY DAY!



COME ON, ROBOTMAN... I GET YOUR HEAD! WHEN I GET TO MY OWN ROOMS, I'M GOING TO MELT IT DOWN TO FORM A BIG GOLD BRICK! WITH THE REST OF YOUR BODY SCATTERED AROUND, YOU'RE FINISHED!



SO ONE BY ONE, THE GANGSTERS HEAD FOR THEIR OWN HOMES.



SCATTERED THIS FAR AND WIDE, IS THERE ANY HOPE LEFT FOR ROBOTMAN?

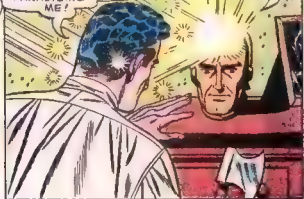
AN HOUR LATER, IN A BOARDING HOUSE, WHERE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT REFLECTS FROM THE GOLDEN HEAD OF ROBOTMAN...

SO LONG, ROBOTMAN! YOU'RE GOING TO BE A NICE GOLD BRICK IN A LITTLE WHILE!

YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT ME...YOU CAN'T REALLY HURT ME... PUT DOWN THE AXE...PUT DOWN THE AXE...

HUH? I---I FEEL FUNNY SORT OF DIZZY HEADLESS! YOU--THAT LIGHT SHINING IN MY EYES FROM YOUR GOLDEN HEAD... YOUR VOICE. PARALYZING ME!

NOT PARALYZING YOU... HYPNOTIZING YOU! NOW PICK UP THAT TELEPHONE!



A MOMENT LATER, UNDER THE DEADLY SPELL OF ROBOTMAN'S HYPNOTIC VOICE...

POLICE HEADQUARTERS? YOU BETTER COME OVER HERE AND PICK ME UP. I GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE!



MEANWHILE, AS ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE GANG MOVES OFF WITH HIS SHARE...

G'WAN! BEAT IT, YOU DOCKHES! STOP FOLLOWIN' ME! YOU'RE ATTRACTIN' ATTENTION TO ME! BEAT IT, I TELL YOU, BEFORE I GET MAD!



BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

ROBOTMAN TOLD US ONE OF YOU CROOKS WOULD BE WALKING AROUND, FOLLOWED BY A LOT OF DOGS!

WHAT--? H-HOW DID HE KNOW THAT?

DON'T ASK ME! THAT ROBOTMAN'S FULL OF TRICKS.. BUT ALL WE'RE INTERESTED IN IS YOU!



AND IN A NEARBY APARTMENT, STILL ANOTHER GANGSTER DISCOVERS THAT THE DISMANTLED CRIME-BUSTER IS NOT AS HELPLESS AS HE SEEMS...

Y-I-I! THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE IN THIS THING! IT'S HOLDIN' ON TO ME...I CAN'T LET GO! HELP! HELP!





WHILE TWO MORE LEARN THAT **ROBOTMAN'S** LEGS ARE STILL EFFECTIVE WEAPONS...

HA, HA, HA. HE PUT LAUGHING GAS IN HIS LEG WITH A TIME DEVICE TO SET IT OFF WHEN I'D HAVE IT ALONE! HA, HA. I'M HELPLESS!

SOB
SOB - TEAR GAS!
SOB SOB



AND THE LAST GANGSTER DISCOVERS THAT **ROBOTMAN'S** FINGERS CAN SNAP WITH THE SPEED OF A MOUSETRAP...

ALL I DID WAS TOUCH IT AND-- ZOWIE! IT GRABBED ME! IT'S SO HEAVY, I CAN'T WALK WITH IT! THE FINGERS ARE LOCKED! I'M CAUGHT-- FOR GOOD!



SO PRESENTLY...

WE GOT THEM ALL, **ROBOTMAN!** ACTING ON THIS ONE'S CONFESSION, WE ROUNDED UP ALL THE OTHERS, WHO WERE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT! WE'LL BE ABLE TO PUT YOU TOGETHER, NOW, IN NO TIME!

GOOD... THAT MEANS ALL THOSE BOOBY TRAPS I RIGGED AROUND MY BODY WORKED, INCLUDING THAT **SUPERSONIC WHISTLE** IN ONE ARM, WHICH ONLY **DOGS** CAN HEAR!

YOU SEE, THIS WAS ALL A PLAN WHICH I ARRANGED WITH PROFESSOR THORGASSEN! SINCE I COULDN'T CATCH THOSE CROOKS BY GOING AFTER THEM, I MADE **THEM** COME AFTER ME! ACTUALLY, I NEVER DID TURN TO GOLD... IT'S ONLY **GILT PAINT**, WHICH CAN BE WASHED OFF EASILY!



THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

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CONTEST NOW...
Here's How!

In 25 words or less, complete the statement:
'I like TOOTSIE ROLLS (or TOOTSIE POPS)
because _____'
Write on a plain sheet of paper
Print clearly your name, address and age
Send with your entry, 5 wrappers from
TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS
Contest is open to children between six and
sixteen (both years included); it started August
1 and closes October 15, 1952. Every age group
has an equal chance. Send entry and wrap-
pers to:
TOOTSIE ROLLS CONTEST
P.O. BOX 877
NEW YORK 44
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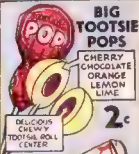
HURRY
HURRY!

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Famous-make Boys' and Girls' BICYCLES, DOLLS, ROLLER SKATES, CHUCK WAGONS, BASKETBALLS, BASEBALL GLOVES, MODEL PLANES.

You can win one of these prizes if you're 6 to 16 years of age.

Send as many entries as you wish -- but accompany each entry with 5 wrappers from either or both of these fine TOOTSIE CANDIES.



BIG TOOTSIE POPS

CHERRY
CHOCOLATE
ORANGE
LEMON
LIME

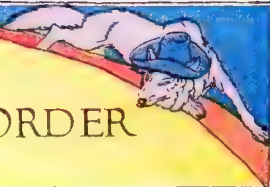
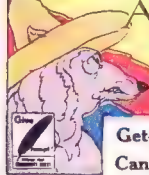
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DELICIOUS CHERRY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER



DELICIOUS CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLLS

CRIME ACROSS THE BORDER



Get-Rich-Quick Schemes Originating in Mexico and Canada Are Mulcting Millions from Naive Americans

PITY the poor, overworked Federal Bureau of Investigation! Just when the organization felt that it had the top confidence men in the U. S. A. safely behind bars, a new and greater peril rose to plague Mr. Hoover's staff. Slick operators across both borders (Canadian and Mexican) who began to help themselves to millions donated by gullible Americans.

Mexican con men are pulling everything—including the gold brick. This is how it works:

A stranger suddenly pays you an unannounced visit in this country. He wants to speak to you in private on an urgent matter. You grant him the privacy he seeks, and he places a gleaming gold brick on the table. His eyes roll, and his glance is significant. You ask him what it's all about.

He glances this way and that, and then speaks to you in a hushed whisper. He has been given this gold brick by the operators of the El Rojo Gold Mining Company in Mexico, to be delivered to an American doctor, who buys gold the way other wealthy people buy stocks and bonds.

But your visitor is tired of being a delivery boy. He has stolen the gold brick, worth thousands, and will sell it to you for—well, about 5,000 pesos. This adds up to somewhere in the neighborhood of \$600 in good American money.

Maybe you happen to be honest, and would not dream of buying stolen property—after all, there's a law against it. So you throw him out. Yes, maybe that's what you would do—but lots of people will consider this the fastest dollar they ever made, and buy the brick.

It invariably turns out to be the sorriest deal they ever made. For sooner or later they discover that the "gold brick" is nothing but an old zinc bar that has been melted down, gilded, and neatly stamped with "22 carats."

Victims seldom complain to the police, since the authorities would be sure to ask them how come they knowingly bought stolen goods. Consequently, there is no way of knowing just how many persons get stung every day in the year.

The so-called Spanish prisoner trick is still a highly successful gimmick. Authorities reveal that this swindle gets more suckers than all the others put together. It goes this way:

Somebody in the U. S. receives a letter from a Spaniard who writes that he is in jail for non-payment of a debt. But, he says, he has a great deal of money hidden in the false bottom of a trunk that is stored in the customs warehouse.

Now all he wants you to do is to pay the customs charges. If you will agree to do this, he will gladly share half his fortune with you. Sounds intriguing, doesn't it? Certainly, so

intriguing that you decide to drop him a line and ask for more details.

The next letter arrives by return mail. It is all very simple. All you must do is bring the money, in cash, of course, to Mexico. The amount requested always depends on how much you're worth—and the gyp artists always know that well in advance.

So you arrive in Mexico with the cash, and turn it over to a grateful, Spanish-spouting swindler, who knows only enough English to describe the contents of the false bottom in the trunk. And you wait for your half of those contents. And you wait and wait and wait.

But, you say, how can people be so naive? The F.B.I. replies, "You'd be surprised." They'll tell you about the woman who carried her life's savings of \$10,000 across the border.

But her bank notified the American Embassy in Mexico, and the Mexican police got to her in the nick of time. Do you think the woman thanked them for saving her? Oh, no! She roundly berated the Mexican police for their unwarranted interference, and would have gone right ahead with the gyp except that the con men saw the policemen talking to her and didn't dare get any closer.

The Bureau's biggest headache these days, however, is a get-rich-quick scheme that is mulcting millions from Americans, and originates north of the border.

The victim here is introduced to the swindle when his phone rings right around dinner time. All he hears in the beginning is the operator's voice, saying: "Toronto calling!"

While the prospective sucker is trying to figure out who in the world he knows in Toronto, an oily voice clicks in to inform you that you have been selected to participate in the promising future profits of Treasure Rouyn Mines, Limited, a junior gold mine.

You're given an opportunity to buy 500 shares at 20 cents a share. You're told that

as the property is developed, the offerings will rise to 45 cents, 60 cents, \$1 a share. So by buying now at 20 cents—well, you don't have to be a mathematical genius to determine what your profits can be.

What makes this so appealing to the average well-to-do investor are the recent newspaper stories about a Canadian boom.

Of course, what you probably don't know is that on March 13, 1950, the U. S. Post Office investigated Leader Securities, Ltd., of Toronto, and made out a fraud order for the illegal promotion of Treasure Rouyn stock "by means of false and fraudulent pretenses."

This gyp has been described as the most fallacious gamble in the world today. Its headquarters is in Toronto, and its take from Americans totals a cool \$1,000,000 a week.

This scheme consists of from 75 to 125 promotional stunts, selling chances in the form of stock on finding gold, silver, cobalt, lead, uranium, and oil beneath the "moose pastures" of Canada. The stocks are promoted throughout the U. S. by millions of mail pieces and thousands of long-distance phone calls.

As the sun begins to set, the "boiler-room" stock salesmen of Toronto pick up their telephones and begin calling Americans on the Eastern seaboard at the dinner hour. As the dinner hour moves westward, the telephoning moves with it to the Central States, the Mountain States, and the Pacific Coast. Before the sun has set over the Pacific Ocean, the callers can usually count on a day's take of close to \$150,000.

So far, American authorities have not been able to do much more than warn the American public to beware, because, while these mail-order stock promotions are illegal in the U. S., they are perfectly legitimate in Ontario.

The F.B.I. and the Post Office are working overtime to acquaint American investors with the facts. The rest is up to you.

—by Jim Montross

**NEW --
AND
GREAT!**

BIG TOWN



**DON'T
MISS
IT!**

**YOU'VE THRILLED
TO THIS GREAT SHOW ON RADIO
AND TELEVISION ... AND NOW
- RIGHT NOW -
YOU CAN FOLLOW THE THRILLING
ADVENTURES OF STEVE WILSON, HIS
FRIENDS- AND HIS IMPLACABLE ENEMIES-
IN BRAND-NEW STORIES
IN EVERY ISSUE OF THIS SWELL
NEW MAGAZINE!**



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PAGES FOR 15¢**



POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN
LAW-
MAN

WHAT CAN POW-WOW SMITH DO WHEN THE PALEFACE LAW HE IS SWORN TO UPHOLD THREATENS AN INJUSTICE TO HIS OWN SMOKE PEOPLE? WHEN ONE OF HIS REDSKIN FRIENDS IS FRAMED FOR MURDER, THE FAMED INDIAN DEPUTY ADDS NEW TWISTS TO AN ANCIENT TRIBAL "MAGIC" TEST FOR GUILT, SEEKING THE DANGEROUS TRUTH THROUGH AN AMAZING

TRIAL IN RED DEER VALLEY!

ONE DAY AS SWIFT RUNNER, YOUNG SIOUX BRAVE, HUNTS IN RED DEER VALLEY...

DAN BORDEN:
WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN?

"IT MEANS WE'RE GOIN' TO SETTLE
RIGHT NOW ABOUT TH'S PAPER
YUM SIGNED. PROMISE N' TO PAY
ME \$50,000 FOR A SHARE IN
MY NEW LAND
COMPANY!"

I WILL NOT PAY!
OH YESA TOLD ME
YOU WOULD CHEAT ME
OF THE MONEY I
RECEIVED FOR THE
MINE I FOUND, AS
YOU HAVE CHEATED
OTHERS!

OH YESA? YUM MEAN THAT
NOSEY REDSKIN LAW-
MAN? THE ONE WE
CALL POW-WOW SMITH?
HE AIN'T GOIN' TO
KEEP ME FROM
GITTIN' THAT CASH!



MEANWHILE, RIDING NEARBY, POW-WOW SMITH--
WHOSE OWN PEOPLE CALL HIM OH-YESA (THE WINNER)
--HAS HEARD THE VOICES-- AND A MOMENT LATER



THE MONEY WILL BE
USED TO EDUCATE
MY PEOPLE!

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!
A LITTLE PISTOL--
WHY DO I OUGHT TO
CHANGE YOUR MIND--
AN' POW-WOW'S, TOO,
F HE GETS TROUBLE SOME!

WHY
SOMEWHAT
UNFAIR
ODDS



WHY NOT START
WITH ME,
BORDEN?

POW-WOW HASSE-F!



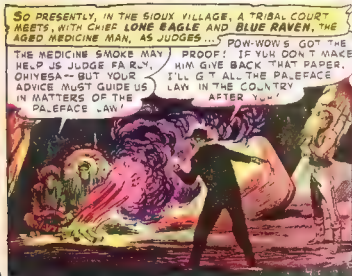
I ONLY WANTED TO SCARE
HIM A MITE! SOMETIMES,
IT SAVES THE TROUBLE O'
GOIN' TO COURT TO
COLLECT ON A SIGNED
CONTRACT!

SO SWIFT RUNNER D.D
SIGN, EH? THAT'S BAD
BUT EVEN SO, A COURT
MIGHT ASK YOU TO PROVE
YOUR LAND DEAL WAS
HONEST-- AND THAT
WOULD BE BAD FOR
YOU!



COME ALONG, ALL
OF YOU! WE'LL TAKE
THIS ARGUMENT TO
COURT RIGHT NOW.
HERE IN RED DEER
VALLEY!

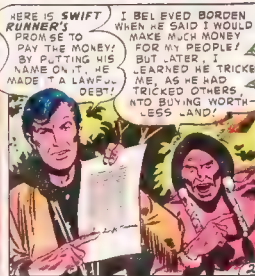
A REDSKIN COURT?
FAT CHANCE A WHITE
MAN WOULD HAVE O'
GITTIN' A BREAK!
I'M WARNIN' YUH-- I
WON'T AGREE TO ANY
VERDICT THAT DON'T
SUIT ME!



SO PRESENTLY, IN THE SIOUX VILLAGE, A TRIBAL COURT
MEETS, WITH CHIEF LONE EAGLE AND BLUE RAVEN, THE
AGED MEDICINE MAN, AS JUDGES ...

THE MEDICINE SMOKE MAY
HELP US JUDGE FAIRLY,
OH-YESA-- BUT YOUR
ADVICE MUST GUIDE US
IN MATTERS OF THE
PALEFACE LAW!

POW-WOWS GOT THE
HIM GIVE BACK THAT PAPER,
I'LL GET ALL THE PALEFACE
LAW IN THE COUNTRY
AFTER YOU!



HERE IS SWIFT
RUNNER'S
PROMISE TO
PAY THE MONEY!
BY PUTTING HIS
NAME ON IT, HE
MADE A LAWFUL
DEBT!

I BELIEVED BORDEN
WHEN HE SAID I WOULD
MAKE MUCH MONEY
FOR MY PEOPLE!
BUT LATER, I
LEARNED HE TRICKED
ME, AS HE HAD
TRICKED OTHERS,
INTO BUYING WORTH-
LESS LAND!

AND WHEN ALL HAVE BEEN HEARD, THE DECISION IS GIVEN...

SWIFT RUNNER
WAS FOOLISH TO
SIGN HIS NAME--
BUT HAVING DONE
SO, HE MUST PAY
THE MONEY!

IF HE CAN SHOW
HE HAS BEEN CHEATED,
HE MAY ASK THE
PALEFACE COURT
TO GET HIS MONEY
BACK!

WELL, I'LL
BE JGGERED!
I GIT A BREAK,
AFTER ALL!

ALL RIGHT, YO'NG
FELLER! WHERE'S
THE CASH?

HIDDEN IN MY
WIGWAM! I
WILL GET IT,
BECAUSE IT IS
ORDERED--BUT
I DO NOT LIKE
IT!

NEITHER
DO! BUT
IT'S THE
LAW--
AND I'M A LAW-
MAN!



THUS, THE \$10,000 THAT
WAS TO HAVE HELPED
ALL THE TRIBE GOES TO
THE CUNNING BORDEN

REMEMBER, I SHALL
GET IT BACK-- OR
HAVE REVENGE!

HAW! BETTER
PRACTICE PISTOL
SHOOTIN' BEFORE
YUH LOOK FOR
TROUBLE,
REDSKIN!

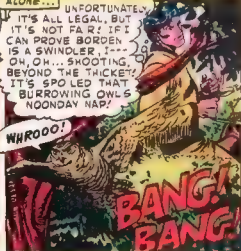
C'MON...
WE'LL
PROTECT
YUH ON THE
WAY TO TOWN,
BOSS!

LATER, AS THE INDIAN DEPUTY RIDES
ALONE...

UNFORTUNATELY,
IT'S ALL LEGAL, BUT
IT'S NOT FAIR! IF I
CAN PROVE BORDEN
IS A SWINDLER, I---
OH, OH... SHOOTING,
BEYOND THE THICKET!
IT'S SPOLED THAT
BURROWING OWLS
NOONDAY NAP!

WHROOO!

**BANG!
BANG!**



AND AT THE FARTHER
SIDE OF THE THICKET...

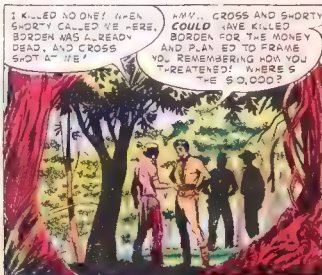
NOW I'LL FIX YUH...
HUH...?

HOLD T, CROSS--AND YOU,
TOO, SHORTY! MURDER'S A
HANGING OFFENSE IN THIS
STATE!

AN' **SWIFT RUNNER'S**
GOIN' TO HANG! HE SNEAKED
UP, HIT BORDEN WITH A
ROCK, SNATCHED THE
MONEY, AN' RAN! WE
JUST CAUGHT HIM!

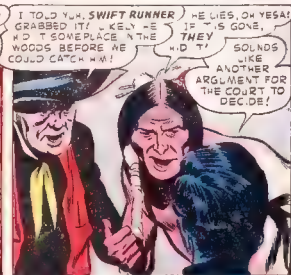
BORDEN--DEAD?





I KILLED NO ONE! WHEN SHORTY CALLED ME HERE, BORDEN WAS ALREADY DEAD, AND CROSS SHOT AT ME!

HMM... CROSS AND SHORTY COULD HAVE KILLED BORDEN FOR THE MONEY AND PLANNED TO FRAME YOU REMEMBERING HOW YOU THREATENED! WHERE'S THE \$0,000?



I TOLD YOU, SWIFT RUNNER GRABBED IT! I KEELY-EE WENT SOMEPLACE IN THE WOODS BEFORE WE COULD CATCH HIM!

HE LIES, OH YES! IF IT'S GONE, THEY HAD IT! SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR THE COURT TO DECIDE!



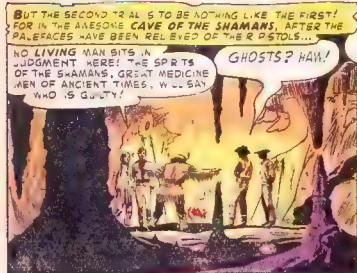
LEAVE YOUR HORSES HERE! BLUE RAVEN WILL HAVE TO USE STRONG MAGIC THIS TIME, BECAUSE MURDER IS THE WORST OF CRIMES!

WIX, POW-WOW! WHY SHOULD WE HAVE TO STAND EVEN A INJUN TRIAL, WHEN SWIFT RUNNER'S GUILTY?



SHUCKS, SHORTY, INJUN MAGIC NEVER HURT NOBODY! IF THEY FIND THE REDSKIN GUILTY, SO MUCH THE BETTER-- AN' IF NOT, THEY CAN'T HANG US ANYWAY!

MAYBE SO, CROSS! AFTER ALL, THEY D'D DECIDE AGAINST SWIFT RUNNER THE FIRST TIME!



BUT THE SECOND TRIAL IS TO BE NOTHING LIKE THE FIRST! FOR IN THE AWESOME CAVE OF THE SHAMANS, AFTER THE PALEFACES HAVE BEEN RELIEVED OF THEIR PISTOLS...

NO LIVING MAN SITS IN JUDGMENT HERE! THE SPIRITS OF THE SHAMANS, GREAT MEDICINE MEN OF ANCIENT TIMES, WILL SAY WHO IS GUILTY!

GHOSTS? HAW!



DO NOT MOCK! THERE ARE MANY TALES OF THE OLD GHOSTS STRIKING DOWN A SLAYER, AS THE GLAM MAN WAS STRUCK DOWN!

IT'S CREEPY! I DON'T LIKE IT!



DETECTIVE COMICS



REICS OF LONG-DEAD SHAMANS
AID IN THE "MAGIC"--- SUCH AS THE
TOMAHAWK OF STONE HATCHET...

MAY THE MIGHTY
STONE HATCHET
CUT A WAY FOR US
THROUGH THE
THICKET OF THE
LIES OF THE
GUILTY!

GOULPE LOOKS
JUST LIKE A
G-GHOST---
THERE IN THE
S-SMOKE!

NEXT COME THE CEREMONIAL
CLUB OF TWO ANTLERS AND
THE TRUMPET THROUGH WHICH
TALKING TREE ONCE SPOKE
WORDS OF WISDOM...

AAY PRONGED
POINTS STING
THE SLAYER'S
CONSCIENCE,
AND THE TRUTH
BE TRUMPETED
FOR ALL TO HEAR!

YUH'RE LOCO,
SHORTY! THERE'S
NOTHIN' IN THE
SMOKE! AN' OLD
DEER HORNS AN'
THE HOLLOW
BRANCH OF A
TREE CAN'T
HURT NOBODY!

NOW THE THREE
SUSPECTS WILL TAKE
THE OLD TRAIL
AFOOT, TO THE END
OF THE VALLEY!
BEFORE THE
FLEETEST OF
YOU RETURNS,
THE SHAMANS
WILL HAVE ACTED
BY PUNISHING THE
GUILTY ONE!

THEY
WILL NOT
HARM
THE
INNOCENT!
I HAVE
NOTHING
TO FEAR!



AND AS THE STRANGE JOURNEY BEGINS...

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME
SWIFT RUNNER'S
NOT COMIN' BACK
ALIVE, SHORTY-- IF
I CAN HELP IT! THAT
WAY, THE INJUNS WILL
BE SHORE HE DONE
THE KILLIN', AN' THERE
WON'T BE NOBODY TO
DISPUTE OUR STORY!

YUH MEAN, WE'LL
FINISH HIM OFF, WHEN
WE GIT TO A GOOD
SPOT? THAT'S A
SWELL IDEA! WE
WON'T MISS OUR
GUNS, EITHER,
'CAUSE WE COULDN'T
SHOOT H.M. ANYHOW!
IT'S GOT TO LOOK
LIKE THE "GHOSTS"
DID IT!

SOON, AT A POINT
WHERE THE OLD
TRAIL CROSSES THE
FACE OF A SHEER
CLIFF...

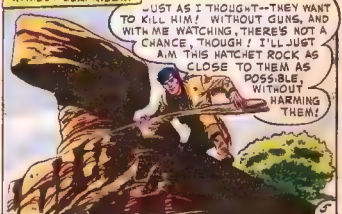
HERE, JUST PAST
HATCHET ROCK,
OHYESA SAID TO
STAND LOOKING
TOWARD THE WEST!
I DO NOT KNOW WHY--
BUT I WILL DO IT!

NOW'S OUR
CHANCE,
SHORTY!
ONE
LITTLE
PUSH,
AN' HE'S
A GONER!



BUT OVERHEAD, WATCHING THE TREACHEROUS DRAMA
WITHOUT SURPRISE...

JUST AS I THOUGHT--THEY WANT
TO KILL HIM! WITHOUT GUNS, AND
WITH ME WATCHING, THERE'S NOT A
CHANCE, THOUGH! I'LL JUST
AIM THIS HATCHET ROCK AS
CLOSE TO THEM AS
POSSIBLE,
WITHOUT
HARMING
THEM!





DETECTIVE COMICS



ABRUPTLY...

GREAT GUNS, SHORTY--
LOOK OUT!

LOOK! A BIG
STONE HATCHET!
M-MAYBE THE
INJUN'S RIGHT!
MAYBE G-GHOSTS
ARE AFTER
US!

G'WAN... YJH'RE
LOSIN' YORE
NERVE! IT WAS
A ACCIDENT, I
TELL YJH! JUST
THE SAME, WE
BETTER GIT OUT
O' HERE, BEFORE
ANY MORE ROCKS
FALL!

LATER, IN A FOREST CLEARING,
AFTER THE SHOCK OF THE
'ACCIDENT' HAS WORN OFF...

HERE IS WHERE
THE SHADOW OF
THE ANTLER
TREE FALLS!
OHYESA SAID
I SHOULD STAND
IN THE SHADOW
FOR A LITTLE
WHILE!

QU'ET, NOW...
IF HE SPOTS
US THIS
TIME, WE
MAY NEVER
GIT
ANOTHER
CHANCE TO
SNEAK UP
ON HIM!



WHILE BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING...

THAT'S IT... PULL, HORSE! THE
WAY I'VE CHOPPED THE TRUNK
OF THE ANTLER TREE, IT
SHOULD FALL RIGHT IN FRONT
OF THOSE TWO!



NEXT SECOND...

HO! THE ANTLER TREE, FOR
WHICH TWO ANTLERS WAS
NAMED MORE THAN 100 MOONS
AGO, IS FALLING! IT IS THE
JUDGMENT OF THE SECOND
SHAMAN ON THE PALEFACES!

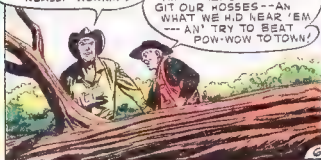
WATCH OUT! IT'S
COMIN' RIGHT FOR
US, LIKE A GIANT'S
CLUB!



AND AS THE CRASH OF THE FALLEN TREE DIES AWAY,
LEAVING THE WHITE MEN UNHARMED BUT SHAKEN...

I'M HEADIN' FOR TOWN
WHILE WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
THAT INJUN MAGIC IS
REALLY WORKIN'!

COULD BE SOMEBODY
PLAYIN' TRICKS ON US--
BUT EITHER WAY, IT
AIN'T HEALTHY! WE'LL
GIT OUR HOSSES--AN
WHAT WE H'D NEAR 'EM
--AN' TRY TO BEAT
POW-WOW TO TOWN!



MMW... THEY'RE CERTAINLY ACTING GUILTY! THEY'RE HEADING FOR WHERE THEY LEFT THEIR HORSES--AND, IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, WHERE THEY HAD THE \$50,000--SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO THE MURDER SCENE!



SHORTLY, CLOSE TO THE SPOT WHERE BORDEN MET SUDDEN DEATH...

HERE'S THE MONEY! WE BETTER CACHE IT SOMEPLACE CLOSER TO TOWN TILL AFTER SWIFT RUNNER'S CONVICTED!



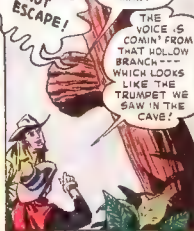
YEAH... AN' HE'LL HANG FOR SURE-- INJUN TRIAL-- OR NO INJUN TRIAL-- WHEN WE TELL OUR STORY! IT'LL BE TWO AGAINST ONE!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A MIGHTY VOICE BOOMS OUT!

HO! PALEFACE MURDERERS, YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE!

YIII! THE TREES TALK N'-- AN' TALKIN' TREE WAS THE NAME O' THE THRD MEDICINE MAN!

THE VOICE 'S COMIN' FROM THAT HOLLOW BRANCH-- WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE TRUMPET WE SAW IN THE CAVE!



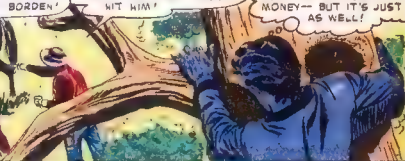
AND IN THE HOLLOW TREE, WHERE POW-WOW HAS HIDDEN...



WELL, NO GHOST IS GETTIN' ME, CROSS! IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED BORDEN!

YUH'RE JUST AS GUILTY! YUH GOT M.M. LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY TILL I COULD HIT HIM!

I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE TO HEAR THEM ADMIT IT, NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE MONEY-- BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL!



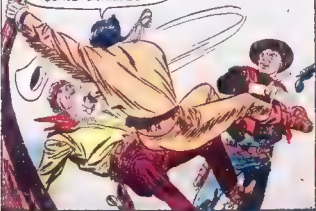
INSTANTLY...

LOOKS LIKE BLUE RAVEN'S MAGIC WAS SOFTENED YOU UP SO IT'LL BE EASY TO HANDLE YOU-- ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'RE UNARMED!

WHAT--? POW-WOW! DON'T BE TOO SURE O' YOURSELF!

LUCKY I HAD AN EXTRA GUN HID UNDER MY SHIRT! NOW I'LL MAKE SURE YUH NEVER TELL NOBODY WHAT YUH JUST SEEN AN' HEARD!

SO! GUESS THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO-- EXCEPT HOPE SOME OF MY SHARP-EYED INDIAN FRIENDS SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS CLEARING AND TESTIFY AGAINST YOU!



HAS THE "MAGIC" OF BLUE RAVEN FAILED THE SIOUX LAWMAN AT THE LAST? MINUTES LATER, AS HE IS MARCHED INTO THE THICKET FROM WHICH HE SAW THE BURROWING OWL FLY EARLIER...

WE'LL JUST STEP INSIDE THIS THICKET, WHERE NOBODY CAN SEE US!

JUSTICE MAY CATCH UP WITH YOU, ANYWAY! INDIAN TALES TELL OF MANY SPOOKY AVENGERS-- SUCH AS THE GHOST RATTLESNAKE!

THE WORDS ARE HARDLY OUT OF POW-WOW'S MOUTH, WHEN SUDDENLY...

LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT?

YUH AIN'T SCARIN' ME NO MORE WITH INJUN SPOOKS, POW-WOW! NO "GHOST RATTLER" IS GOIN' TO-- GREAT JUMPIN' GOPHERS!

BUT-- BUT WHERE--? I CAN HEAR THAT RATTLER-- BUT I CAN'T SEE-- UH-H-H...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE GHOST RATTLES TO BELIEVE IN THEM! MATTER OF FACT, YOU WON'T BE SEEING ANYTHING FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



LATER, AS SWIFT RUNNER AND OTHERS SECURE THE PRISONERS FOR THE TRIP TO JAIL...

THANKS, BLUE RAVEN, FOR MAKING YOUR MEDICINE TRIAL FIT MY IDEAS ABOUT USING HATCHET ROCK, AND ANTLER TREE, AND THE HOLLOW TREE I NOTICED NEAR THE MURDER SCENE!

MAGIC ALWAYS WORKS BETTER WITH HUMAN HELP!

BUT THIS MAGIC WASN'T PLANNED! I SAW THAT BURROWING OWL, AND REMEMBERED THERE'D BE YOUNG OWNS IN ITS UNDERGROUND NEST, AND THAT ALL BABY OWLS MAKE SOUNDS LIKE A RATTLESNAKE WHEN DISTURBED!



SO WHEN CROSS WAS GOING TO SHOOT ME, I TRICKED HIM INTO THE THICKET, HOPING WE'D DISTURB THE OWLETS-- AND WE DID!

MUCH HAVE I HEARD OF THE WISDOM OF THE OLD SHAMANS-- BUT I THINK OHYESA MUST BE EVEN WISER!





Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

BUY NOW at our Low Low PRICES!



- HE'S OVER 15" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH,
- ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—(a gift) Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! Use your own voice, of course! Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY's mouth! See how cool he looks—dressed in a cowboy hat, washable plastic shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—let yourself SEND NO MONEY, C.O.D., you pay postage.



Original Price
2.98
complete

Hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

I have
RUBBER
WONDERSKIN



FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL is washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with... plastic curlers, ... waving and paper, plastic comb and... bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 12 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close—she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bottle her—move her cuddly arms, legs and head—make her stand, walk and sleep.

TERRIFIC
Value!
only
3.98
complete

SEND NO MONEY

C.O.D. two per package.
Remit with order, no pay postage

STAIN-RESISTANT
EYES—LIPS—HAIR

NEW! SENSATIONAL!
8 METAL CAR
ACTION FLEET
A terrific toy set



- Windows Go Up and Down
- Windshield wipers move...
- Can move and Bangs,
- Bell clings...
- Taximeter registers...

Feastinate the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the Grip of 4x4! 1 car with working windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gun and siren, 1 ambulance with siren and sweeping bell, 2 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and siren. All 8 cars made of durable steel—rubber wheels come out—bottoms completely enclosed—all new two-tone and metallic finish—all differently colored. SEND NO MONEY, C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage!

BUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Terrible
Value!
Only
2.98
COMPLETE

Beautiful **BLONDIE**

WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"

SQUEEZE ME
—I COO!

- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes



Here she is now, that CUDDLY, HUGGABLE, love-me baby Beautiful Blondie. She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is of REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN. Squeeze her and she "COOS"... just like a baby. Every little mother will want Blondie for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty, and they're thick and long just like real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons at night and tucked her in bed and watch her long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her next day of fun. Every child will have the time of her life giving her body a bath and powdering her soft, baby RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dressed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties, shoes and stockings.

EVERYBODY LOVES ME—
WOULDN'T YOU?

IMAGINE
ONLY **3.49**
complete

NOVELTY MART, Dept. NC-2
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Happy the Cowboy \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> 8 Metal Cars \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blondie Coo \$3.49 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy \$3.98 |

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Address _____ City _____ State _____

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with order we pay postage.

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GET A



DAISY

and Get in on the FUN!

SEE YOUR DAISY DEALER NOW!

Hurry—see these beautiful, brand-new Daisy Air Rifles at your nearest hardware, sporting goods or department store! Tell Dad (1) you want a Daisy (2) and for only 50¢ more you can be a junior member of the National Rifle Association and learn to handle, shoot your Daisy properly, safely—and earn official NRA medals, etc. Visit your dealer **Today!**

BB Count Survey Shows Daisy Gives

MORE BB's for 5¢

Than Any Other Brand Surveyed →



128
BB's
FOR
5¢

in the
DAISY
GIANT
BULLS
EYE
POUCH



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Daisy Giant
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Pouch of
Bulls Eye
BB's
128 BB's
for 5¢

Survey Made Feb. 20, 1952

**SHOOTERS:
TRY THIS
"TRICK" →**



**No. 141
ONLY
\$7.98**

**HANDY
SECRET
POCKET**

ANNOUNCING
the **DAISY**
DEFENDER
repeating AIR RIFLE

Look at this brand-new forced-feed Defender Repeater—most beautiful Daisy ever! Rear-sight lowers, lifts—moves right, left—adjusts from notch-sight to peep-sight in a jiffy! Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Secret butt pocket for carrying Bulls Eye BB's. Realistic molded, beautiful full oval stock, fore-end. Ask dealer for No. 141, only \$7.98—Daisy's newest gun!

RED RYDER CARBINE

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, N. Y.

SHOOT IT! This famous Daisy repeater holds nearly 1000 BB's! Looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Realistic full-oval molded stock, forearm. Ask dealer for No. 111.

No. 111
\$5.75

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DAISY PUMP GUN

Get this 50 shot pump action repeater with "gold-engraved" jacket. Take-down model. The King of All Air Rifles! Ask dealer for No. 25.

No. 155
\$4.98

DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER

Buy this husky repeater! Holds almost 1000 shot. Top performance at low cost. Ask dealer for No. 155.

**ASK DEALER or
Mail Coupon for**

FREE

Christmas Reminder Kit!

New copyrighted Reminder Kit "reminds" your folks you want a genuine Daisy for Christmas! Its Free at Dealers or send coupon and unused 3¢ stamp to us!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. 1582, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

I enclose unused 3¢ stamp to help cover mailing cost of copyrighted Reminder Kit. Send it postpaid.

NAME.....

ST. & NO.

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**DAISY BULLS EYE BB SHOT IS
Approved FOR USE IN ALL**

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. 1582, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.

Do not
order rifles
or BB's shot
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The 2 Best Ways to fill a pen

SHEAFFER'S

TOUCH DOWN

ONE STROKE FILLER

All Sheaffer pens—and only Sheaffer pens—have Touchdown, the simple, sure one-stroke filling device. Filling is actually fun with Touchdown. Just extend the plunger, push down lightly just once and Pffft!—you hear it breathe in the fluid, and watch the level in the bottle go down as your pen fills full. Just that easy—Just that quick!

1.

2.

SHEAFFER'S *Scrip*

WITH EXCLUSIVE TOP WELL BOTTLE

Always use Sheaffer's Scrip to make any pen write better, last longer. Test-proved the finest, safest writing fluid in the world, won't harm rubber, metal or composition parts. Twelve brilliant true-tone colors, Permanent or Washable. Starts instantly, dries quickly. Exclusive Top Well makes filling super-easy, keeps fingers clean. So good, it's the world's largest selling writing fluid!

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